

Halo Fading Dawn

by Night Hawks

Category: Halo

Genre: Sci-Fi

Language: English

Characters: Master Chief/John-117

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-07-06 04:23:09

Updated: 2013-11-09 21:37:49

Packaged: 2016-04-27 04:21:45

Rating: K+

Chapters: 2

Words: 4,886

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Master Chief, aka John-117, soon finds out that old friends are still alive. Meanwhile, a new evil arises. Join him and the others while they rise once again to protect Earth and her Colonies. My first fanfiction, please be kind Master Chief/OC and Michael/OC

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*AN:** This is one of my actual fanfictions that I am uploading, so please be kind ^\_^ I know that my grammar isn't very goo but I did try my best. ^\_\*\*

**\*\*Disclaimer:** I do not own Halo, Halo belongs to 343 Industries\*\*

-Prologue\*\*-\*\*

**\*\*1300 Hours, October 03, 2559 (Military Calendar) / Arcturus Star System, Vega City Outskirts, Planet Capricornia\*\***

Master Chief ran down the corridor of the City Hall in the city Vega of Capricornia.

He was silently cursing Korianna in his head as he passed debris and corpses of the poor

civilians that hadn't been prepared for this attack. It was her idea to split up when the mission

was clear. Get in, grab the Data Chip, and get out.

Now, Aria was calling for back up and who knew where Shikyo was. The only indication that

she was still alive was her status on the Team-Bio on his Heads-Up

Display.

Chief slid around a corner, running right into a communication center. He jumped back.

The data chip. It had to be here. He began to search for it when a growl rang down the hallway

behind him.

The lights flickered; the floor shook again. They were starting to glass the planet. The growl

echoed closer. Master Chief slid behind the center, and clicked off his helmets flashlights.

"Cortana, scan and search for the Data Chip. We have company." He said through his

internal speakers in his helmet. Right on time too. There was a puff of breath around the

corner.

â€¢-â€¢-â€¢

Aria stood rigid behind the piping in the shadows. Where were they? She thought to herself.

Shikyo was propped up on the wall next to her. She glanced at her HUD's Team-Bio to see

her pulse was down, but still there.

The floor rattled and the pipes whined, from above, dust and dirt fell from the ceiling, shook

loose from the floor rattling. The glassing was getting closer.

A Grunt sped past their hiding spot. Aria watched as three Elites followed after the Grunt.

She checked how much ammo she had left in her Assault Rifle.

She and Shikyo were trapped and should have to be the one to fight their way out since

Shikyo was knocked out.

She closed her eyes for a few seconds then stepped out from her hiding place, moving like a

shadow despite being encased in a half ton of angular MJOLNIR armor.

One of the Elites noticed her and let out a roar. She fired a round of shots and her fight

began.

â€¢-â€¢-â€¢

Korianna sniped five more Elites from the rooftop. But there were still more coming. She

mentally sighed and looked at her HUD's mission timer. They only had three minutes left before

the mission was finish.

Korianna looked up at the sky briefly. Almost no blue, only gray and Covenant ships. The

horizon looked like the sun was rising but it wasn't. It was actually the flames that were burning

the city.

Another round of bolts shot down into the ground, making the ground rumble and turning

the soil in to a smooth lake of glass. They were almost ready to begin their last attack.

Korianna glanced over the concrete edge of the buildings rooftop. There were grunting

coming from behind her. She turned. They had found the stairs.

As the glassing came closer and the enemies closed in, her thoughts went racing towards

Michael.

â€¢-â€¢-â€¢

Master Chief stood over the limp body of a dead Elite in gold armor. He was a little tired out

by the fight with the Elite.

"Chief, the Data Chip is at 3 'o clock in the third drawer in a small blue box." Cortana said.

Master Chief turned and walked over to where Cortana had said and opened the drawer. When

he saw the box he opened it and took out the Data Chip.

It was clear with thin light blue lines running through it. He stuck it in one of his holding

cases he was about to say something when Cortana spoke up again.

"Chief, I'm getting a incoming transmission from Master's Echo. Should I patch it through?"

Cortana sounded a little concerned.

"Go ahead." He said as he started to make his way out of the building. There was static at

first then the transmission started to play through his internal speakers.

"Master Chief, Shikyo and I have run into a little trouble," He could hear some sizzling in the

background along with some rumbling. "Shikyo is knocked out and I trying to fight our way out

to meet up at the Landing Zone. But i-"

Aria's voice was suddenly replaced with static. "Cortana, can you fix this?" Master Chief said

a little anxious.

"I'm working on it."

He worked his way out of the building. The ground rumbled and shook, at the same time,

Aria's status on his HUD's Team-Bio, flat lined.

-Chapter 1-

\*\*0600 Hours, January 18, 2559 (Military Calendar) / Sol Star System, UNSC Florida Base, Planet Earth\*\*

The UNSC base in Florida was full of activity despite only being 0600 hours. Some of the personal did PT runs, others went about other business, such as; going to the workout room or going to the Mess Hall.

John watched this all from a grassy hill just beneath an oak tree. He usually came out here to sit alone and think. The warm breeze that occasionally blew added to the peaceful air that John felt.

He wasn't in his armor. He hasn't been in that armor for a few days now, instead he was dressed in the casual UNSC clothing. Which consisted of a black t-shirt, it had UNSC in white letters across his chest and 117 on his sleeve. He also had on, a dark navy blue cargo pants with black, spit-shinned combat boots.

When they had come back John was given a welcome back speech from Lord Hood and he got out of the armor and did things around the base, he was gradually getting over the fact that Cortana gone, but, he would never get her. Just like he would never forget his brothers and sisters he lost on Reach and his friends he had lost throughout the war.

John was pulled out of his thoughts as he heard footsteps coming towards him, he tensed slightly as he turned his head toward the direction of the footsteps, only to relax when he saw it was Nightingale.

Nightingale smiled and sat down by him, she was wearing the same outfit he was. She stretched her legs out in front of her and leaned

on her arms which were stretched out behind her. Nightingale was actually her last name, her full name was Carmen Nightingale, but being a Spartan IV she went by her last name.

Her reddish brown hair was out of its usual ponytail and when he turned to look at John her dark green eyes had its usual mischievous glint in it.

"So John, what's up for today's schedule?" She asked with him with a little of a joking manner in her tone.

"The usual." John replied. Nightingale snorted and mimicked him with a bad imitation of his deep voice. He not to take offense through because it was just her personality to be fun-loving. Despite feeling a little down he couldn't help but smirk slightly. Nightingale feigned a fake gasp and said.

"So the statue \*\*can \*\*smile!" John rolled his eyes and said in a joking voice.

"And you just can't keep silent, can you?" Nightingale let out a loud laugh and said.

"Me? Quiet? You're funny, tell me another joke!" John was about to answer Nightingale back when she stood and stretched, interrupting him.

"Well, come on old man. If we are going to stick to the schedule we have to go now." She said, looking down smiling. John just nodded and got up and together they walked to the Weight-lifting room with Nightingale talking up a storm and John blocking her out like usual.

As Nightingale and John sat in the weight lifting room in the hardest sets they both didn't talk. Two other Spartan IV's walked in joking around with each other, John ignored them at first until the two started to become even more annoying rapidly.

John was about to tell them to stop acting like kids when the one with ginger hair said to his friend.

"Come on you wuss, you can do it!" After he heard those words it brought up a memory that he had long forgotten.

\_He was sitting in the weight room with Kelly, Sam, and Fred. Beside Kelly stood Korianna, who had her arms crossed with an amused look on her face. They were yelling at him to lift more and joked \_\_about him when he tried to say he couldn't. \_

\_ "Come on John, you'll never win if you keep holding back." Korianna said.\_

As the memory faded John got a distant look in his eyes, although Nightingale didn't notice. John realized sadly that he hadn't thought of Korianna as much as he did Linda and the others.

Thinking of Korianna led his thoughts to others he hadn't thought of for a long time, Shikyo and Aria. He briefly wondered if the three were still alive. Did they survive the attack on Reach? Were they like Maria and living a happy life? Or were they like Fred and the

others, practically retired yet still working?

His heart sunk at the thought of losing them. They had been close and were friends. He smirked slightly as he remembered things that he had forgotten- or rather pushed aside- during the war. Such as Aria's nickname that their brothers and sisters had given her. Her nickname had been Master's Echo. They had given her that names since Chief Mendez had paired them up and they had made a great team, despite saying only a few words.

He remembered how Shikyo liked to be mean and had a habit of complaining a lot. And Korianna's sniping skills that could rival- fix that- did rival Linda's. He was snapped out his memories when he heard someone call out.

"Master Chief, sir!" He looked up to see a Marine standing in front of him. Her name patch said Tyler. She had the standard UNSC Military cut, making her blonde hair go to her chin with green eyes. At first glance you wouldn't see or notice her legs shaking or hear the tremor in her voice.

"Captain Lasky would like to see you in the Command Center, sir." She said once she was sure he was listening. John nodded and dismissed her, causing her to nod briskly and walk quickly out of the room. John watched her with amusement. It wasn't a secret the Marine Rose Tyler was afraid of Spartans, well not exactly afraid of Spartans, but more of nervous around them.

He stood up as Nightingale asked him. "So, what do you think Lasky wants?" John just shrugged and Nightingale sighed.

"Well, okay, but you better come find me and tell me all the details, alright." This caused John to smirk and say. "Alright."

He walked out and headed to Command Center. He slightly wondered what Lasky would have sent for him for, unless there was another war starting up, which he slightly wished wouldn't be the case.

He inwardly sighed as he turned the corner and walked into the Command Center building. He walked down the halls and was about to turn another corner and ran into someone. The person let out a small grunt and John looked down to see a 34 year old women ice blue eyes and dark brown hair pulling herself off the ground.

"Ouch, what's the matter, in a hurry?" The woman asked as she looked up and smirked.

Before John could reply the women let out a hearty laugh and waving her hand in a shooing manner and said. "I'm kidding, I'm kidding." She then held out her hand and said. "Name's Oicie, I'm a retired ODST. But, now I help train ODST's."

John took her hand gently and shook it but before he could speak Oicie continued.

"Don't worry about introducing yourself, Master Chief." She smiled kindly and jerked her head back the way she came. "Lasky is in the Command Room to the right." She then excused herself and continued on her way, leaving John a little surprised but he shrugged it off. He walked down the hall and entered the room on the right.

The room had large windows on one side, allowing a lot of light to stream into the room. A lot of personnel were rushing around and some were sitting at computers. In the center of the room stood Captain Thomas Lasky and Lord Terrance Hood. As he walked up they looked up from their conversation. Lord Hood nodded towards John, who saluted, turned to Lasky and said something then walked out.

John walked up to Lasky and saluted again.

"You wanted me, sir?" Lasky nodded and John relaxed as they walked into a room, towards a hologram station that stood in the center and Lasky sighed.

"I was personally asked to tell you what I'm about to tell you by Hood." He paused as he walked over to the wall and typed something into the pad that was positioned by the door. The door was closed and sealed as Lasky continued.

"Just know that what is about to be said is confidential at the moment." He looked up at John and smiled slightly. "As you know, the UNSC has been sending ships around to pick up any stranded Marines and ODS'T's that had become stranded during the war. Just a few weeks ago one of our ships, the UNSC \_Courageous, \_had picked up a radio distress signal."

He paused yet again as he typed into the hologram station. He didn't continue though, instead an audio file started to play throughout the room.

\_"This is Sierra-115, we request extraction, I repeat this is Sierra-115, we request extraction."\_ John was a little stunned, he couldn't believe that he was listening to Korianna sending out a distress signal to be extracted. He was shaken out of his surprise when Lasky continued.

"The UNSC \_Courageous \_had sent this audio file to us and gained permission to check it out. They had gone to help extract them and the extraction was successful. They are currently heading back now with three Spartan II's on board." He completed, watching John's face for any kind of reaction, but of course, he couldn't see anything.

Lasky sighed and said. "We have told you this so that you could prepare yourself for their arrival, they are still days out, but, we figured it would be better to let you know now. You have been moved a secluded set of barracks on the far North side of the base. Head there now and get settled."

Lasky concluded and closed anything. He looked at John and John nodded then walked out. He couldn't wrap his mind around the fact that three more of his brothers and sisters would be returning. He wondered briefly if ONI has offered them to take a look at their files and Doctor Hasley's journal like they had done him. But he shrugged it off as he realized that ONI would wait until they got here to Earth to offer them it.

Speaking of Hasley, he automatically started to walk towards her office, as he walked in Hasley looked up from behind her desk and smiled.

"John, what brings you here?" Her voice was kind, like it always was when she was speaking to one of her Spartan II's, or as others had dubbed them, her 'children'.

"Ma'am, have you been told as well?" He asked, a little uncertain if she had been told or left in the dark, and by the light in her eyes he could tell she had been told as well.

"Yes, I've been told. It's a great thing, really, I'm happy to have heard that three more Spartan II's have been found. I also heard that you have been moved to a secluded group of barracks. Am I correct?" John simply nodded at this and Hasley nodded in understanding.

"I think it would be a great time for a reunion of family, don't you think?" She asked kindly, her eyes had a glint in it though as if she was holding a secret that humored her.

"I think it would, ma'am." John answered back. She let out a small laugh and said.

"Why don't you go get situated John, I'm pretty sure that even though you aren't showing much of emotion that you are indeed, excited." John couldn't help but inwardly smile at that comment.

"Well, ma'am, I'll leave you to your work." With that note he turned and left. He continued on his way and soon got to the barracks that he had been assigned to. He walked in and took a breath and sat on one of the beds, and as he laid down he let his breath out.

What Doctor Hasley had said was true. He didn't let a lot of his emotions about the news show but he was actually, happy. He wouldn't be quite alone anymore. He would have, at least, a few of his brothers and sisters with him.

He shook the thoughts of his mind and sat up. His skin was itching to do something and get away from his thoughts, since that's what he has been doing lately. He walked out of the barracks and headed to one of his favorite places on the base. The gun range.

The gun range was a long clear field with shooting posts and a watch center. It wasn't too crowded since a lot of the personnel had returned to their homes when the war had ended. At the far end of the field was the targets. He walked into the building where the weapons and things for shooting were in.

He grabbed one of the ear muffs and set them over his ears and grabbed an SMG, along with a handful of ammo and headed out. He went up to one of the shooting stations and got ready. He took aim and fired a few rounds, filling the target up with lead.

His usual schedule was disregarded as he kept shooting at the target for the rest of the day. When it came time for dinner, he finally left the shooting range and headed to the Mess hall. He entered into the line and grabbed what he wanted and then settled down at a table that was in a lone corner, away from everyone else.

He was alone for only a few minutes until he heard the footsteps of someone approaching him. Though he didn't bother to look up. The person slid into a chair that was across from him and he knew it was



Nightingale.

"So, Chief, what did Lasky want?" She asked, you could hear the thick curiosity in her voice as she asked. He smirked and looked up at her.

"It's confidential, not allowed to tell." He said, which made her huff, she really did not like things being hid from her.

"At least, how did your day go?" Nightingale asked a new question to keep the conversation going. John just shrugged and took a bite of the food.

"I spent most of my day in the gun range." He decided to enlighten her and then asked his own question.

"How was your day spent?" Nightingale let out a chuckle and launch into a full out story about how her day was spent.

"-then I headed to the obstacle courses and did a few, I was also showing off, but only for a little." She fell silent, making John look up from his food and raise an eyebrow. She was looking down at her food, and when she sensed him staring at her in question she looked up.

She had a look of absolute seriousness as she said.

"I've been meaning to tell you, in a few days or so, I'll be leaving base and heading back home. I'm sorry but there are only a few things I can do here on base and I would like to go back to my home, see my family and all. You should try your hand at the civilian life." John just shrugged and said.

"You know why I won't try to live the civilian life, but, I hope you have a good break from the military life." He said, pushing back the loneliness that he could sense coming on. Their table fell silent and stayed that way for the remainder of the night.

**\*\*Please review :) \*\***

## 2. Chapter 2

**\*\*AN: Sorry this took forever, the next chapter will hopefully not take as long as this one :) Hope you enjoy!\*\***

**\*\*1100 Hours, January 19, 2559 (Military Calendar) / Sol Star System, UNSC Florida Base, Planet Earth\*\***

John walked into the barracks that he had been assigned to only to find Dr. Catherine Hasley sitting on one of the beds with her hands in her lap. She looked up and smiled as he walked in.

"Ma'am? May I ask what you are doing here?" John asked, a little surprised and curious. Dr. Hasley stood and smoothed out her gray skirt, then she cleared her throat and looked up still smiling.

"Well John, I was wondering if you would like to take a walk with me." She looked at him while he quickly made up his mind. He nodded

and gestured to the door. Hasley smile widened slightly and she headed out of the barracks with John. It was a beautiful day, there was no clouds in the sky and it was the perfect temperature.

As they walked, they made some small talk but Hasley knew that John was a little uncomfortable because of how he is used to being alone. They both made it to a fork in the path.

"Which way would you like to go?" John asked Hasley and Hasley looked to the right.

"Let's go this way." John just nodded and they both continued to the walk. They had been walking for at least ten minutes when the path opened up to a clearing. Hasley smiled at John and John could see a glint in her eyes that he didn't quite understand. Before he could ask her what was on her mind, someone interrupted him.

"JOHN!" He turned quickly and froze, surprised. Running towards him was Kelly, she was smiling widely and right behind her was Linda. He heard a deep laugh and saw that behind Linda, walking calmly, was Fred.

John was still frozen in surprise when Kelly rammed into him at full speed. He fell to the down was Kelly wrapped her arms around him and crushed him in a hug. Linda soon joined him and the two laughed.

"You know, despite our age, we still act like kids sometimes." Fred said as he helped them up. Realization hit John and he realized that this wasn't a dream after all. He smiled and he stood up.

"Your face was priceless John." Linda commented, John was about to answer her when they heard someone clearing their throat. They looked over from the location and saw Chief Mendez standing there, though his usual stoney face was soft and he was smirking.

"Leaving me out, are we?" John stood straight and went to go salute Mendez but stopped when he saw him shaking his head.

"No need to do that. I'm retired." John just nodded and shook his hand and then asked.

"What are you all doing here? Not that I'm not happy to see you all again." John quickly added that last part nervously. Kelly chuckled and shook her head.

"Well to answer your question, we're having a reunion of some sorts." Linda answered as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. John still had the look of confusion on his face and Fred sighed and explained more.

"We had heard that three more of our siblings would be coming home. So Hasley had called up Mendez and next thing we knew we were having a surprise reunion. We couldn't exactly resist since we haven't see you in what now seems like ages. Does that make sense?" John nodded at this and smiled. "Well, it's good to see you all again, but you do realize that the others won't be due back until two or three days yet, right?" He asked and noticed that Kelly was again nodding.

"Oh we know, we'll be staying in the barracks with you until then."

She said with a smirk. John blinked and said.

"It will be nice to have you guys around again, even if it's just for a while." The others laughed and Linda clapped her hands together.

"Well then, let's catch up! Who wants to go first?" Before anyone could reply Mendez and Hasley stepped forward.

"We'll be heading back to the base, have fun catching up." Mendez said then walked into the warthog and climbed in. Hasley smiled and said.

"We'll see each other later." Then followed Mendez to the Warthog and they drove off. Kelly turned and sat down, with the others following her example.

"I guess I'll go first." Kelly said then jumped into her story, she had helped train the Spartan IVs and once the program had grown so large and she had no longer been needed she had retired, in a sense, and had moved to Whistler, Canada. She had long since gotten used to the civilian life but her Spartan training was still apart of her, she was still the fastest Spartan II out there, she made sure of that. She would go on a short PT run before she went to work. She worked in a cafe, it was small and wasn't all that busy, it mostly had college students come and go.

"I've been keeping in touch with Linda the most and that's mostly it." Kelly finished, she smirked and then turned to Linda and bumped her in the shoulder.

"It's your turn Li." Linda just rolled her eyes at Kelly's nickname for her.

"Okay, okay." Linda had a similar story to Kelly's with only a few twist's. She to had helped train the Spartan IV's and still held record for being one of the best Snipers out of the Spartans. She had retired as well but had moved to San Diego, California. She worked in a library and had met a guy that she is currently dating, he knows that he is a Spartan but he doesn't treat her any different then a normal person.

"Um, and I believe that is it." Linda said, digging through her thoughts to see if that was all. She nodded to herself then looked at Fred, who got the message.

"Alright, where to start..." Fred had helped train the Spartan IV's and then he retired. He had moved to live in a cabin in the Rocky Mountains along with two of the surviving Spartan III's Lucy and Tom. He had gotten a job as being cashier in a grocery store.

By time everyone of them was finished telling their stories the sun was starting to set and it was time for dinner. So they all headed off towards to the Mess Hall. When they walked in people glanced at them but otherwise didn't stare. They stood in line and piled their food on the trays provided and then wandered over to the table that John usually sat at.

They all sat down and continued to talk. It was little stuff though, talking about changes in the UNSC and things like that. They all

paused and looked up when someone joined them. John smirked at Nightingale who sat down.

"Nightingale, meet my family." He introduced. Linda was the first to speak up.

"Hello Nightingale. My name is Linda." She said reaching over to shake hands with her, something that Linda must have picked up from the civilian life. Nightingale looked over at Fred and Kelly and they both smirked.

"I'm Kelly and he's Fred." Nightingale nodded a hello and then turned to John with a gleam in her eyes.

"Well John, you never said that you were going to have family come over." She said in a joking tone. John shrugged and joked back.

"Sorry, I didn't know either until this morning." This caused Kelly to burst out laughing, she has definitely changed since she had joined the civilian life. The rest of the dinner was spent in small talk and then John and the other old Spartan II's walked to the Barracks where they fell asleep tired, yet ready for tomorrow.

\*\*Please review :)\*\*

End  
file.